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A Good Story.

The Father's Choice.

It was a cold winter's night, and the winds whistled through the bare limbs of the giant trees that lined the wall.—The ground was covered with snow, on whose surface the light fell with dazzling splendor, studding the ground with brilliant diamonds. As the old South clock struck nine a young man wrapped in his cloak sought the shade of the large trees in the park, from whence he watched the coming of numerous carriage loads of gaily dressed people of both sexes, who entered one of the princely houses on Beacon street. Through the richly stained glass windows, the gorgeous light issued in a steady flood, accompanied by the thrilling tone of music from a full band; the house illumined at every point, seemcrowded with gay and happy spirits. The stranger still contemplated the scene—his cloak which had enveloped the lower part of his features, had fallen, discovering a face of manly beauty, a full dark eye, with arching brows, and short curling hair, as black as the raven's plumage, setting off to great advantage his Grecian style of feature—a becoming moustache curled about his mouth, giving a decided classic appearance to his whole face. The naval button on his cap, showed that he belonged to that class of our national defence. Shall I enter said he thoughtfully, to himself, and feast myself on charms I never can possess? Hard fate, that I should be bound to the iron chains of poverty—yet I am a man, and have a soul as noble as the best of them. We will see, and crossing over to the gay scene he entered the ball room. He cast off his overshoes, handed his coat and cloak to the servant, and unannounced mingled with the beauty and fashion that thronged the room. Gradually he made his way among the crowd, in whose center stood a bright and beautiful being, the queen in lovliness of that brilliant assembly. The bloods of the west end flocked around her, seeking for an approving glance from those dreamy blue eyes; half abstracted, she answered or spoke on the topics of conversation without apparrent interest.—Suddenly she started, blushed deeply, dropped a half courtesy in token of recognition to some one without the group Her eyes no longer languid, beamed with animation, and as our naval friend entered the group about her, she laid her tiny white hand in his saying:

Welcome, Ferris, we had feared that your sailing orders had taken you to sea this bleak weather.

We should not have lifted anchor without first paying tribute to our queen, was the gallant reply.

A titter ran through the circle of exclusives at his appearance, but when the lady appeared pleased there was room for complaint.

The gay scenes of night wore on.—Several times had Ferris Havard completely put at fault the shallow brained fops around him, placing them in anything but an enviable light.

Ferris Gavard was a Lieutenant in the navy, and depended entirely on his pay as an officer to support a widowed mother and young sister, to both of whom he was devotedly attached. His father was a self made man, had once been a successful merchant, who sailed and freighted some of the heaviest tonned vessels that left Boston; but misfortune and sickness overtook him, and he sunk into the grave, leaving his only son to protect his mother and sister from the wants and ills of life.

Ferris had enjoyed a liberal education, and having entered the navy, a midshipman had reached a lieutenancy by reason of his superior acquirements and good conduct. His profession led him to all parts of the world, and he had carefully improved his advantages, constrained by reason of his limited means, to the practice of the most rigid economy.

He met with the only daughter of Harris H——, one of the wealthy citizens of Boston, at a fete given on board the ship to which he belonged, and had become immediately enamored with her; but he well knew in his own heart the difference in their fortunes formed a barrier to his wishes. He had been a causual visitor for several months subsequent to the time our story commences, at the house of the H—— family.

I must think of her no more, said Ferris to himself; if I am jeered at by any friends, for offering common civilities, with what contempt would her austere parents receive a proposition for her hand from one so poor and unknown.

Harry H—— was indeed a stern old man, and yet he was said to be kind to the poor, giving freely of his bounty to the relief of the needy. Still he was a strange man, he seldom spoke to those about him, yet he evinced the warmest love for his child; and Annie, too, loved her father with an ardent affection. His delight was to pour over his library, living, as it were, in the company of the old philosopher. On several occasions when Ferris was at his house, and engaged in conversation with Annie, he observed the old man's eye bent sternly upon him, when his heart would sink within him, and he would awake to a reality of his situation.

Ferris was one evening in Beacon street, at the house of Mr. H——, where in spite of the cold reception he met there, he still enjoyed in the belief that Annie was not indifferent to his regard. He had been relating to her, at her request, his experience with different national characters, with whom he had met, speaking of their peculiarities, and describing the various scenic effects of different countries. Annie sat near a sweet geranium, whose leaves she was industriously engaged in destroying. Ferris bending close to her ear said:

Annie will you pluck that rose as a token of affection? You know how ardent is mine for you—or stop dearest, behind it blows the conduct. You know the mystic language of both. Will you choose and give me one?

Hush—hush, Ferris, said the blushing and trembling girl, plucking and handing him the rose.

This passed when the attention of the company present was drawn to some engaging object. Never before had Ferris received any evidence of Annie,s love, save from her tell tale eyes. The flower was placed next to his heart, and he left the appartment. He had proceeded but a few steps when he was accosted by a poor mendicant, clothed in rags, who was exposed at that late hour of the nigh to the inclemency of the season.

Pray, sir, said the beggar to Ferris, can you give me a trifle, I am almost starved and chilled through by this cold night air.

Ferris after a few moments conversation with the beggar, for he had not the heart to turn away from the sufferings of a fellow creature, handed him a purse containing five or six dollars; urging him to seek immediate shelter and food. The beggar blessed him and passed on.

A few nights subsequent to this occurrence he was again at the father's house. Mrs. H——, Annie's mother, received him as she did most of her visitors, with the somewhat constrained and distant welcome. Being a woman of no great conversational powers, she always retired early, and conducted her interviourse in the most formal manner. Ferris was much surprised that Mr. H. had taken no particular notice of his intimacy at his house, for he seldom saw him, and when he could the old man's eyes bent sternly upon him in anything but a friendly and invitng spirit. In this dilemma he was at a loss what course to pursue, since Annie's acknowledgement of affection for him, and now he was equally distant from the goal of his happiness, for his better judgment told him that the consent of her parents could never be obtained.

On this occasion he had taken leave as usual, when he was met by the beggar of the former night and again solicited for alms, declaring that he could find no one else to assist him, and that the money he had before bestowed upon him had been expended for food and rent for a miserable cellar where he had lodged.

Again Ferris placed a purse in the poor man's hand, at the same time telling him that he himself was poor, and constrained to the practice of rigid economy in the support of those dependent upon him. He left the beggar and passed on his way happy in having contributed to the alleviation of human suffering.

Not long subsequent Ferris called one evening at the house of Mr. H—— and fortunately found Annie and her father alone, the former engaged on a piece of embroidery of a new pattern, and the latter pouring over a volume of ancient philosophy.

On his entrance, the old gentleman took no further apparent notice of him than a slight inclination of the hand and a "good evening sir."

He took a chair by Annie's side, and told her of his love in low, but ardent tones, begging permission to speak to her father on the subject.

Oh, he will not hear a word of the matter, I know, said the sorrowing girl. No longer ago than yesterday he spoke to me of a connection with R., I can never love but one man, said the beauty, giving him her hand,

Ferris could bear this suspense no longer. In fact the hint relative to her alliance with another, spurred him to action. He then proceeded to that part of the room where Mr. H—— sat, and after a few introductory remarks he said:

You have doubtless observed, sir, my intimacy in your family, for more than a year past. From the fact that you did not object to my attentions to your daughter, I have been led to hope that it might not altogether be against your wishes. May I ask sir, with due respect, your opinion in this matter?

I have often seen you here, replied Mr. H——, and have no reason to object to your visits sir.

Indeed sir, you are very kind. I have neither fortune or rank to offer your daughter; but still emboldened by love, I ask you now for her hand.

The old man laid by his book, and removing his spectacles, asked:

Does the lady sanction this request?

She does.

And you ask—

Your daughter's hand.

Its yours.

Ferris sprang in astonishment to his feet, saying:

I hardly know how to receive your kindness, my dear sir; I looked for different treatment.

Listen young man, said the father; do you think I should have allowed you to become an inmate in my family, without first knowing your character? Do you think I should have given you this precious child (and here placing her hand in Ferris') before I proved you? no sir, out of Annie's many suitors from the wealthiest and highest in society, I have long since selected you as one in whom I could place confidence. The world calls me a cold and calculating man—perhaps I am so; but I owed a duty to him who had entrusted me with the happiness of this blessed child; I have endeavored to perform that trust faithfully—the dictates of pride may have been counterbalanced by a desire for my daughter's happiness. I chose you first—she has since voluntarily done so. I know your life and habits, your means and prospects—you need tell me nothing. With your wife you receive an ample fortune: the dutiful son and affectionate brother, cannot but make a good husband. But stay, I will be with you in a moment, and he left the lovers together.

The story of your marriage with R. was only to try your heart, then, and thicken the plot, said Ferris to the blushing girl.

At this moment the door opened, and the beggar entered, and stepped up to Ferris and solicited charity. Annie recoiled at first at the dejected and poverty stricken looks of the intruder, while Ferris asked in astonishment how he gained entrance into the house In a moment the figure rose to a stately height, and casting off the disguise it wore, discovered the person of Annie's father.

The astonishment of the lovers can hardly be conceived.

I had determined, said the father, addressing Ferris, after I had otherwise proven your character, to test one virtue, which of all others is the greatest—charity. And had you failed in that, you would also have failed with me in this purpose of marriage. You were weighed in the balance and not found wanting.—Here sir is your first purse; it contained six dollars when you gave it to the beggar in the street—it now contains a check for six thousand; and here is your second, that contained five dollars, which is also multiplied by a thousand. Nay, said the old man, as Ferris was about to object to it, there is no need of explanation—it is a fair business transaction.

This was of course all mystery to Annie, but when explained added to her love for her future husband.

Collecting a Note.

A gentleman from New York who had been in Boston for the purpose of collecting some moneys due him in that city was about returning, when he found that one bill of a hundred dollars was overlooked. His landlord, who knew the debtor, thought it a doubtful case, but if it was collectable at all, a tall raw boned Yankee, then dunning a lodger in another part of the hall, would 'worry it out' of the man. Calling him up, therefore, he introduced him to the creditor, who showed him the account.

'Wall, squire,' said he 'it 'tain't much use in tryin', I guess I know that critter, you might as well try to squeeze ile out of Bunker Hill Monument, as to c'lect a debt out of him. But anyhow squire what'll you give, sposen I do try?

Well sir, the bill is one hundred dollars, I'll give you—yes I'll give you half if you'll collect it.'

'Greed,' replied the collector, 'there's no harm in tryin', any way.'

Some weeks after the creditor happened to be in Boston, and in walking up Tremont street, encountered his enterprising friend.

'Look-a-here,' said he, 'Squire. I had considerable luck with that bill o' yourn. You see I stuck to him like a dog root, but for the first week or so 'twan't no use—not a bit. If he was home he was short; if he wasn't home I could get no satisfaction. By-the-by says I after goin' sixteen times, I'll fix you! says I. So I set down on the door step, and set all day and part of the evening, and I began early next day, but about ten o'clock he gin in, he paid me my half and I gin him up the note.'

When success makes a man better than he was before he must be a good man indeed.

Murder in the Second Degree.

BY HELEN FORREST GRAVES.

'Dear me! what a terrible snow storm!' ejaculated Mrs. Evelyn, putting aside the window curtains, with a white, richly ringed hand, and gazing out on the grey, December sky, half obscured by the whirlwinds of driving snow—'what a dreadful winter we are going to have, and how the poor will suffer!'

Her philanthropic sigh was echoed by Miss Olivia Evelyn, who sat opposite the fire in a velvet morning robe and small satin slippers, bordered with snowy ermine. The young lady was engaged in looking over a gilt bound account book, containing the names of the members of some charitable association or other, of which her mother was lady President, for Mrs. Evelyn excelled in humane theories and elegant sensibilities. She liked, passing well, to be a leader in her aristocratic 'set,' and nothing could be more agreeable than to sit in the 'Committee Room,' her white hand (diamond ring uppermost, you may be sure) resting lightly on the crimson draped table before her, and listen sweetly to the names of those who poured in with their subscriptions. No one gave so liberally as Mrs. Evelyn and her daughter—they were burning and shining lights in the charitable world.

To be sure some of their envious slanderers would quote from that old and obsolete volume, called the Bible, something or other about letting the left hand know what the right hand did, and about a camel and a needle's eye, as being applicable to rich people. But this was all ridiculous nonsense—just as though some day a flight of ærial stairs, carpeted with velvet, wouldn't be let down from the sky for Mrs. Evelyn to ascend upward, in as genteel a manner as possible!

'Olivia, my darling,' lisped mamma, in the sweetest of dulcet voices, 'are you sure the accounts are all right? The Committee meets at our house to-day, to settle that question about the poor of Hindostan!'

Miss Olivia signified that all was in readiness, and moved her chair closer to to the fire, as a keen blast swept by the window.

'John, put some more coal on the grate and see that the drawing room fires are kept well replenished. The weather is so terrible!'

And, as Mrs. Evelyn spoke, she drew close round her shoulders a magnificent Indian shawl, and looked complacently about the splendid apartment, carpeted with the richest Wilton, draped with curtains of crimson and gold, and redolent of the sweet fragrance of tube roses, cape jessemines and geraniums, whose delicate blossoms expanded on a guilded stand near by, as brightly as though the perfumed warmth of the atmosphere reminded them of their own native tropics.

Just then a modest tap sounded at the door, and the nursemaid appeared.

'If you please ma'am, it's my afternoon out, and the wages was due yesterday; three months, ma'am is eighteen dollars; could you please to let me have it to-day?'

'Really, Mary,' said Mrs. Evelyn, smiling blandly, 'it's quite impossible to-day; some other time I will attend to it.'

'But ma'am, my brother starts for Californy to-morrow, and can't make up the passage money without it. Couldn't you *possibly*—'

'Mary, Mary,' said Mrs. Evelyn, with an air of mild reproof, how often have I checked you for being so importunate?—It is out of the question; Mr. Evelyn did not leave any money to-day.'

Mary shut the door with a bang, while a little girl who was playing with her doll in the window seat, exclaimed, open-mouthed:

'O, mamma! what a story? when papa gave you a whole handful of gold pieces this very morning!'

'Lauretta!' said Mrs. Evelyn, crimsoning and losing her temper completely, 'don't speak in that way again. What do little girls know of domestic economy! Don't you remember that sister Olivia's bonnet is not yet paid for, and that my annual subscription to the society falls due to-day?'

Little Lauretta was silenced, but she sat pondering in her mind how it was, that Mary shouldn't be paid, as well as Madam Lisle and the Society dues.

'But mamma,' she said, 'it is just like cheating.'

'Leave the room this minute,' said Mrs. Evelyn, angrily; 'I can't be annoyed with your chatter! How these children do talk, to be sure,' she added as the little girl reluctantly retreated.

She had scarcely read two pages in the latest published volume of 'Poems,' when the door opened again, and the liveried John appeared with little Lauretta at his heels.

'Well, John, what is it?' said Mrs. Evelyn with an air of resignation.

'If you please, ma'am, there's a boy down in the hall says he's starving; and sure enough he looks like it, besides being barefooted out in all this dreadful storm, ma'am.'

'O, mamma, he looks *so* hungry, can't I give him something?' chimed in little Lauretta.

'In the *front* hall, John?'

'Yes, ma'am.'

'John, I'm perfectly astonished! A barefooted beggar, with his wet, sloppy feet on that marble pavement!'

'Please ma'am—' interposed John.

'Not a word, John—turn him out, this instant! Why, I'm completely astounded at his assurance. How came you to let him in?'

'He looks very needy, ma'am—can't I tell cook to give him a few scraps?'

'I have given you my commands, John; let them be obeyed,' said Mrs. Evelyn, adding as the footman with an air of disappointment and regret left the room.—'It's against my principles to give miscellaneous charity—this street begging ought to be put down.'

Yet, as she sat self-justified and complacent, what was it that brought to her mind, with a guilty pang, an old text which runs this wise, 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these *ye have done it unto* ME!'

'Nonsense,' said Mrs. Evelyn, uneasily to herself, as though she were answering an unseen accuser, 'it will never do to answer those scriptural quotations so literally.'

And the gaunt child of poverty, gathering his rags around his fleshless bones, crept slowly down the pillared steps, and cowered beneath the area gate like a houseless dog, while the white snow drifted down about him in hurrying clouds.

'Come, get out of the way here!' exclaimed the cheerful, stentorian voice of stalwart baker, descending the steps with his basket of hot loaves and rolls. The boy started up with the quick instinct of starvation, and crept into the hall after the man, with distended eye balls and eager, quivering mouth. As the baker set down his basket, a loaf fell and rolled on the floor, unobserved. The boy hesitated an instant—it was his first theft—but the temptation was strong—out of so much prodigal profusion one small loaf could not be missed—and he was dying of starvation. The next instant, and he was darting from the door, with the bread imperfectly concealed under his rags.

But he had calculated in too sanguine a manner on escape. One of the servant maids had seen the manœuvre, and the cry of 'stop thief' was instantly raised.—The kitchen colony all rushed to the area and on the very steps he was collared by a burly policeman, who pounced on him as a hawk swoops down on a defenceless chicken. In vain he writhed, trembling and terrified—he was fast.

'What's the matter?' shrieked Mrs. Evelyn from the window, looking down with amazement on the little crowd collected around her area gate. A chorus of voices in all keys, from bass to falsetto hastened to answer, while the gruff tones of the policeman rose above them all.—'This here young vagabond has been caught stealing ma'am!'

Yes, stealing! The starving creature had dared to snatch a morsal from the overflowing crib of the rich—the instinct of self preservation had dared to assert itself! Hunt him closer! tighten the grasp on his emaciated throat! No wonder that Mrs. Evelyn raised her hands and eyes in pious horror to the bleak sky.—Caught stealing!

But amid all the uproar of indignant virtue rose one pleading voice—that of the cook—whose own eldest boy was about the age of the homeless victim.

'Oh, ma'am, he is so young! Let him go policeman, he'll give back the loaf and say he's sorry, and no harm done after all.'

The policeman hesitated, and looked to Mrs. Evelyn for his cue.

Let him off, ma'am,' pleaded the good woman, see how young he is!'

'Let me go—let me go!' screamed the white and terrified boy; 'Ill never take anything again. It is the first time I ever did so—indeed indeed it is!'

'Policeman, do your duty!' said the soft voiced Mrs. Evelyn; I cannot encourage such juvenile depravity. His youth only makes the case more revolting. I can't conscientiously interfere.'

Away went the myrmidon of the law, dragging along the struggling child with a crowd of idlers in his train, while Mrs. Evelyn closed the window and drew a mild sigh on the wickedness of human nature in general.

Ten years have passed.

The court room is crowded with spectators, for an 'interesting murder case' has just been concluded. The Jury have just brought in a verdict of 'Guilty,' and the young criminal stands at the bar to receive sentence. He is scarcely twenty-two, with brown wavy hair hanging above his troubled brow and a deathly pallor on every feature; there is a sort of wild beauty about his boyish face—he is very young—yet from the threshhold of life he is doomed to go forth into the darkness of an ignoble death.

Has he anything to say for himself?—The audience listen eagerly, the ladies bend forward breathlessly, Mrs. Evelyn put up her jewelled eye-glass, and Miss Olivia—now a *passee* old maid—is sketching the criminal's face on her pocket tablets.

No, he has not much to say—he seems stunned and bewildered by his awful situation. His eyes wander first to the judge, then to the crowd of gazers, as if in search of something that is not there, and his nervous fingers are twined together with a convulsive movement—he is trying to collect his scattered senses.

Hush! he is speaking, and a sort of thrill passes through the assemblage as the low, yet steady voice is heard.

'I am going to die,' he says; 'but that is past now. I do not think that I should have been here if all the circumstances of my life had not conspired against me. I had once a good mother; she died when I was twelve years old. Thank God,' he added, with quivering lips, 'that she is in her grave to-day. The day after her death, I went out, starving, to beg for bread. I was repulsed everywhere—a famished, broken-hearted boy. At length, driven desperate by hunger, I stole a loaf of bread from a rich man's house, whose door I had just been turned from. I was arrested at once. Some kind soul begged the proud lady to interfere she refused. I thought then—I think *now*—that it would have been the part of mercy to release the struggling, terrified boy, whose first crime it was.—She thought otherwise, and I was sent into confinement. There I got into bad company, and grew worse and worse. I have been going down hill ever since; and now I stand before you a condemned criminal. But I trace my fate back to that stormy Winter's day, when a motherless, friendless, child, I pleaded in vain to that rich lady. One merciful word would have saved me; I might have lived to—but it is useless to think of that now. You may talk as you please of justice and responsibility—*I* say that in the sight of Heaven, my blood rests on that woman's head!

'I do not speak these words,' he added in a softer tone, 'to justify myself, but because I would have mercy and kindness shown to those who are now wandering about, as I wandered then. In the name of charity, do not drive people to crime, and then punish them for it. I have nothing more to say, I scarcely know why I have said so much.'

He ceased speaking.

Mrs. Evelyn was gazing wildly at him. *Now* she knew why some old memory had stirred her heart whenever she looked at his face; now the mystery was solved. And as his voice died away, there was a bustle, and an outcry and a call for smelling salts and water—a lady had fainted!

They carried her out of the courtroom, and she soon revived in the open air, saying with a smile that 'it was nothing.—Poor Mrs. Evelyn! She was overwhelmed with sympathy and solicitude; they said her nature was too sensitive and delicate, and so, no doubt, it was.

But, of course, nobody was to blame! Nobody ever is in such cases. It's all owing to a wrong state of society; and very lucky it is that the shoulders of society are broad enough to bear a multitude of sins!

Temperance Facts.

It is a fact that nine-tenths of the inmates of our poor-houses were brought there directly or indirectly by the use of ardent spirits.

It is a fact that three-fourths of all the convicts in prison were hard drinkers previous to the commission of the crimes for which they are imprisoned.

It is a fact that greater sufferers from disease, and those whose maladies are the most difficult to cure, are those who are addicted to the use of ardent spirits.

It is a fact that of all who commit suicide in this country 99-100ths are the immediate or the remote victims of ardent spirits.

It is a fact that in all the families where the children are dirty, half-naked and ill-fed; the rooms filthy and in disorder; the husband cross, discontented and peevish, and the wife slattern, ill-tempered and quarrelsome, one, if not both the parents, are drinkers of ardent spirits.

It is a fact, that those who least frequently attend the worship of God in the sanctuary, most of those who by their oaths, blasphemies, and horrible execrations shock the ears of modest people, are spirit drinkers.

It is a fact that those who are most easily led to ridicule and profane sacred things, and to join in every kind of dissipation and profligacy, are spirit drinkers.

It is a fact that of all that have died of the cholera in Europe and America, seven-tenths were spirit-drinkers, and one-half decidedly intemperate.—[Temperance Advocate.

When a great man stoops, or trips, the small men around him suddenly become greater.

LIFE A KALEIDOSCOPE.—How many bright tints, eccentric forms and *outre* images pass before us in our struggle through life. But of all tasks, to march along the weary path friendless and alone, is the hardest. How fearful a fate is that which compells the wanderer to wreathe the face in smiles when the soul is full of sorrow; to mingle with the giddy and the gay; to jest, smile and sing, when the heart is quivering with agony and pain. It is hard to meet the eye, cold and averted, that has been wont to beam on you with love and affection. It is hard to bear the sting of poverty, and the reproach of the proud. It is hard to see fond hopes one by one destroyed, till naught is left to beckon onward in the path of life. It is hard to part with friends; hard to lay them one by one beneath the grassy mound, but harder still to know they live, yet "*not for you*"—that their friendship is withdrawn, their affection buried beneath the cold formalities of life.

NIGHT MUSIC.—A contemporary takes exceptions to the phrase "as silent as night." He says: "The night is full of music more sublime than Handel's, more thrilling to the thoughtful soul than the notes Lind. Listen! Yonder comes the East wind down from the airy heights of the mountains, moaning and sighing through the pines with a sorrow and a cadence Divine. Richer and grander than a thousand harps of Æolus—its melancholy is more profound than requiem or Cathedral chant for the dead. Far off from yonder *hill*, echoing and resounding among crags and woodland, hark to the constant bay of the faithful watch-dog. Never did organist or vocalist produce such a flood of recollections. It carries the mind back, as we stand under the sparkling candelabras of Heaven, to the haunts of youth and boyhood."

A BEAUTIFUL THOUGHT.—When engineers would bridge a stream, they often carry out at first but a single cord. With that, next, they stretch a wire across. Then strand is added to strand, until a foundation is laid for planks; and now, the bold engineer finds a safe footway, and walks from side to side. So God takes from us some golden-threaded pleasure, and stretches it hence into Heaven. Then he takes a child, and then a friend. Thus he bridges death, and teaches the thoughts of the most timid to find their way hither and thither between the shores.

CHARLES CARROLL.—The name of Carroll is the only one on the Declaration to which the *residence* of the signer is appended. The reason why it was done in this case, we have understood to be as follows:

The Patriots who signed that document did it, almost literally with ropes about their necks, it being generally supposed that they would, if unsuccessful, be hung as rebels. When Carroll had signed his name, some one at his elbow remarked, "You'll get clear—there are several of that name—they will not know which to take."

"Not so," replied he, and he immediately added, "of Carrollton."

JEWS AND THE SAVIOUR.—A recent number of the London Record says:

"It has become a fashionable practice with modern Judaism to disavow all feelings of hostility to the Christian religion. A letter recently appeared in one of the daily papers, in which the writer, a Jew, protests against the common belief that the Jews must necessarily be the opponents of Christianity. He maintains that, so far from this being the case, the Jews are enjoined by their most venerated authorities highly to reverence the works of Jesus Christ, who was one of the greatest agents employed by God in preparing the way for the coming of the true Messiah.

A NEW DODGE TO RAISE A DRINK.—A good joke is being perpetrated upon the keeper of a lager beer saloon in this city by his next-door neighbor. The neighbor has, either by seeing it done before, or by being struck with an original idea, adopted a plan of securing a drink before retiring each night, free gratis. A side window of the saloon has a pane of glass broken out, which presents a means of communication with the interior. The joker appears at this window and raps with his knuckles on the shutter, when the keeper says: "What you want?"—"Ein glass beer." "Who for?" is asked. The candidate for a free drink replies "Der Watchman," and the beer is handed out through the broken pane, and disposed of. The affair, which is still kept up, has "leaked out" in the neighborhood and excited much amusement. A number of persons assemble about 10½ o'clock o'nights to see the thing done.[—Newark Journal.

A HARMLESS hilarity and a buoyant cheerfulness are not unfrequent concomitants of genius; and we are never more deceived than when we mistake gravity for greatness, solemnity for science, and pomposity for erudition.